

The Tragedy

Enter *Queene, Lord Rivers and Gray,*

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his maiesty,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
and cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,

Qu. If he were dead what should beride of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minority
Is put in the trust of *Rich.* Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarry, Enter *Buck. Darby.*

Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby.*

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your maiesty ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby.*
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen:

Yet *Darby*, not withstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured.
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not beleue
The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby*?

Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speaks chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madam we did, He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of *Glocester* and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine,*

And

of Richard the Third

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that w
I feare our happinesse is at the highest.

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not
Who are they that complains vnto the King
That I forsooth am sterne loue them not
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but li
That fill his eares with such dissentious
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire
Smile in mens faces smooth deceiue an
Ducke with French nods, and apish cou
I must be held a rankerous enemie.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no
But thus in simple truth must be abusd
By sliken sie insinuating Iackes?

Ri. To home in this presence speaks

Glo. To thee that hath no honesty ne
When I haue iniured thee, when done t
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction
A plague vpon you all. His royall perso
(Whome God preserue better then you
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing whil
But you must trouble him with lewd d

Qu. Brother of *Glocester*, you mistak
The King of his owne royall dispositio
And not prouokt by any suter else,
Ayming belike a your interioir hatred

Which in your outward actions shewe
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe
Makes him to send that whereby wee n
The ground of your ill will, and to rem

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is gro
That wrens way prey where eagles dare
Since euery lacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a

Qu. Come, come we know your mea
You enuie mine aduancement and my
God grant we neuer may haue neede

Glo. Meane time, God grant that w